

The Tragidie

Vpon his party for the gaine there of,
And therevpon he sends you this good newes:
That this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene, must die at *Pomfret*.

Hast. Indeepe I am no mourner for this newes,
Because they haue beene still mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voyce on *Richards* side,
To barre my masters heires in true dissent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.

Cat. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde,

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelmonth hence,
That they who brought me to my masters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedy:

I tell thee *Catesby*. *Cat.* What my Lord?

Hast. Ere a Fort-night make me elder,
Ile send some packing that yet thinke not one it.

Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gracious Lord
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous, and so fals it out
With *Rimers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*, and so twill doo
With some men else, who thinke themselves as safe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowst are deare
To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.

Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.

Hast. I know they doe and I haue well deserued it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your Boare-speare man?
Feare you the Boare, and goe you so vnprouided?

Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow *Catsby*:
You may kest one, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like these seuerall counsels I.

Hast. My L. I hold my life as deare as you doe yours,
And neuer in my life I doe protest,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as, I am?

Stan. The Lords of *Pomfret* when they rode from *London*,
Were iocund, and supposde their states was sure,

of Richard the Th

And indeede had no cause to mistrust
But yet you see how soone the day or
This suddaen scab of rancor I misdoubt
Pray God I say, I proue a needlesse co
But come my Lord shall we to the T

Hast. I go: but stay, heare you not
This day those men you talke of are b

Sta. They for their truth might bette
Then some that haue accused them we
Bat come my L. let vs away. *Ex*

Hast. Go you before Ile follow pre

Enter Hastings a Pursu

Hast. Well met *Hastings*, how goes

Pur. The better that it please your g

Hast. I tell thee fellow, tis better with
Then when I met thee last where now

Then was I going prisoner to the Tow
By the suggestion of the Queenes alie
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy sel
This day those enemyes are put to dea
And I in better state then euer I was.

Pur. God told it to your Henours g

Hast. Graimercy *Hastings*, hold spe

He giues him his pur

Pur. God saue your Lordship. *Ex*

Hast. What Sir *Iohn*, you are well m
I am beholding to you for your last da
Come the next Sabboth, and I will con

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. How now Lord Chamberlaine.
Your friends at *Pomfret* they doe nee
Your Honour hath no striuing worke

Hast. Good faith, and when I met th
Those men you talke of, came into my
What, go you to the Tower my Lord

Buc. I do, but long I shall not stay,
I shall returne before your Lordship t

Hast. Tis like enough for I stay dinne

Buc. And supper too although tooo k

And